UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Wanted - - Pioneers

By H. R. MUSSEY

Prospect of Peace at the Dawn of the New Year 1926

By TARAKNATH DAS

A Visit to Bulgaria

By FREDERICK HANKINSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVI MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1926 NUMBER 16

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR

Let others mock, let other tongues deride,
Man's foiled search for beauty long-denied,
Let others sing from rolling sea to sea
Their broken song of life's futility.
I sing with those who hail the dawn-lit skies
With sweet prophetic rapture in their eyes,
Who know though storms the face of heaven mar,
Behind them is the smile of sun or star.
I sing with those whose trust no evils quell,
Heroic buliders of Truth's citadel,
I sing with those whoever they may be,
Who hold their faith in man's high destiny!

LUCIA TRENT.

For UNITY.

Deaths of great and famous men were more numerous and more varied in 1925 than in any previous year since we began to note the annual record in these columns. Every walk of life paid its toll to the inexorable debtor. Literature, art, music, statesmanship, journalism, education, the church, the theatre, business, finance, athletics, the army, all recorded their losses. And in some cases they were heavy indeed. Take the world of statesmanship, for example. In this country, we lost two men of great fame and influence in the state—Senator ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE and Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. In addition to the Wisconsin leader, the Senate lost LADD, of North Dakota, MEDILL MCCORMICK, of Illinois, and SAMUEL RALSTON, of Indiana. The death of active senators recalls the passing of a distinguished senator of an earlier day—GEORGE GRAY, of Delaware. In addition there went the late Vice-President, THOMAS R. MARSHALL, a man much greater than his own modesty and sense of humor ever allowed other men to know. Crossing the water to Europe we note the death of PRESIDENT EBERT, of Germany. England lost two of her greatest conservative statesmen, LORD CURZON and LORD MILNER. France mourns the eloquent VIVIANI, premier when the Great War broke out in 1914, and LEON BOURGEOIS, liberal champion of the League of Nations. Sweden, Geneva, and all Europe suffered heavy loss in the passing of HJALMAR BRANTING, premier, and Nobel Prize winner. In Russia died LVOFF, former premier in the early revolution days. Asia sent sad word of the death of C. R. DAS, next to Gandhi the most influential political leader in India, and of SUN YAT SEN, the heroic revolutionist of China. These make a formidable list.

Turning to other fields we find other impressive names. Thus 1925 saw the passing of such distinguished soldiers as General KUROPATKIN, veteran of the Russo-Japanese War, General NELSON A. MILES, veteran of the American Civil War, General CHARLES MANGIN, noted fighter in the Great War, and England's great Field-Marshal, FRENCH OF YPRES. In literature our own country lost some of her best-known and most-loved authors—GEORGE W. CABLE, novelist of southern life, JAMES LANE ALLEN, of "Kentucky Cardinal" fame, HERBERT QUICK, whose epic trilogy of the Middle West is so impressive, AMY LOWELL, one of our most notable poets, and EDITH THOMAS, a sister poet. England at the same time was laying to rest RIDER HAGGARD, novelist, and ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, essayist and poet. Among musicians dead during this past year we note MOSKOWSKI, JEAN DE RESZKE, the immortal tenor, and WILHELM GERICKE, for long the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Artists include the lamented GEORGE BELLOWS, JOHN S. SARGENT, the most distinguished painter of his day, PAUL BARTLETT, the sculptor, and HARRY FURNESS, the English cartoonist. The church has a long list of dead—MERLE ST. CROIX WRIGHT, GEORGE E. THAYER, CLAY MACCAULEY, all Unitarians, Dr. NEWMAN SMYTH, the famous Congregationalist, GEORGE D. HERRON, who left the church years ago to become a Socialist, RUSSELL H. CONWELL, famous everywhere for his "Acre of Diamonds" lecture and in Philadelphia for his many good works, and ARCHBISHOP TIKHON, of Russia. Among scholars we recall PRESIDENT BURTON, of the University of Michigan, DR. WASSERMANN, the world-famous chemist, CAMILLE FLAMMARION, French astronomer, and FRANCIS DARWIN, son of his father, and himself a great scientist.

But this is not the end! There are other famous dead still to be remembered. Thus, there is the naturalist, HAROLD BAYNES, whose death was so heroic. There is the publisher, JOHN LANE, whose name stands upon so many good books. The field of journalism gives us VICTOR R. LAWSON, owner and editor of the Chicago *Evening News*, and the brilliant JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES. Every settlement-worker holds in honor the name of ROBERT A. WOODS, of Boston, as every laboring man the name of WARREN S. STONE, of the Locomotive Engineers. During the recent football season WALTER CAMP was reverently and gratefully re-

membered by many an aspiring athlete. Then there are the New York lawyer and post-prandial orator, JOB E. HEDGES, the New York publicist, EVERETT P. WHEELER, the great English business man, LORD LEVERHULME, and the notorious American financier, THOMAS W. LAWSON. The theatre mourns one of the greatest emotional actresses of all time, CLARA MORRIS. Even a queen is on our list, the "sea-king's daughter", ALEXANDRA, herself the wife and mother of kings. And not to be forgotten is EUGENE SANDOW, the strongest of all strong men. Thus runs the roll to December 15th. How many are the names, and how large a proportion of them are illustrious! Illustrious, that is, for our time. Some, alas, are already almost forgotten. Others will fade away in another decade or two. Less than a half-dozen will be recalled a century hence, and these more because of accidents of office than of anything that they themselves either did or said. After death comes even to the greatest among us only rest. And what, after all, can be more blessed!

We have little sympathy with the enemies of the League of Nations who scoff at its settlement of the Mosul question. It is true that the League has handed over the mandate of Mosul to Great Britain, and it is easy to proclaim with jeers that the Geneva is thus a minion of the British Empire and in this case is abjectedly serving her imperialistic interests under a fine color of peace and order. It is also true that this proclamation may itself be true, and the Mosul settlement in reality only one more evidence that the League is nothing but a device for doing the dirty work of imperialism respectably. We ourselves have asserted this in other cases! But the thing that impresses us in this particular instance is that, under the old pre-war dispensation, Mosul would have gone to England anyway, not under a mandate, whether that means much or little, but in permanent subjection to the sovereignty of King George V. Furthermore, it would have gone thus under conditions of international excitement and tension which would have been disastrous. Rival nations would have opposed this extension of British imperialism, or demanded compensation in terms of a similar extension of their own imperialistic interests in some other part of the world. What is worse—infinitely worse—Turkey, instead of agreeing to refer the Mosul dispute to the League Council and abide by its decision, would have resented all interference and thus have plunged England and perhaps all of Europe into a grievous war. All this has been happily avoided! Of course the British Empire gets very much what it wanted. But the outcome, certain in any case under present international conditions, has been brought about without wars or rumors of wars, and *it is just this which we are supremely and exclusively interested in!* We believe in peace—peace at any price, if you will have it so. We believe that if we can only get the nations to settle their disputes peaceably, we can then get them to settle these disputes justly. Peace is the *sine qua non* of everything else, including survival. The League of Nations has just one job—to maintain peace. It has done it in this case. So score one more for the League of Nations!

What price victory in war? Is winning a war worth while? Why go to war and get nothing out of it? These are some of the questions which France is asking herself these days. For the contrast between France the victor and Germany the vanquished in the late unpleasantness is increasingly conspicuous and embarrassing. For a long time the condition of both countries was so bad that it was difficult to tell which one was enjoying what Norman Angell so ironically calls "the fruits of victory." But now the balance is no longer even. On the contrary, Germany is rising so fast and France is tumbling so fast, that the latter and not the former country is now the sore spot of western Europe. Mr. Edwin L. James, one of the best of our European correspondents, paints the picture in vivid colors in a recent dispatch in the New York *Times*. We quote the opening paragraphs in full, so impressive are they in every detail:

> Between the national outlook of Germany and the national outlook of France there is a fundamental difference, seven years after the end of the World War. As 1925 draws to a close, it finds conquered Germany preoccupied with plans for the future, and at the same time finds victorious France preoccupied with plans for liquidating the past. By a drift of circumstances over which they themselves may or may not have had control, the German people are looking ahead while the French people are forced to look behind.
>
> This divergence forces itself on one. Here is Germany, with 65,000,000 people increasing yearly, her domestic war debt wiped out, her budget more than balanced and dotted with new factory chimneys "rarin' to go," on the sure path of winning back her commercial and political position. There is France, with 40,000,000 people not increasing yearly, unable to handle her domestic debt, with her budget unbalanced, scarcely able to repair war damage Germany did and not knowing what the future holds. One German mark is worth seven French francs.
>
> One cannot escape the feeling that Germany has put behind her troubles which France has yet to face.

It is easy to wax sarcastic or angry, exultant or grief-stricken over such a fact as this, according to one's temperament and bias. But the best thing to do is to dismiss emotion and call in reason. This situation is a thing primarily to be *understood*. And it is easy to understand if one will turn back to Norman Angell's classic treatise, "The Great Illusion", and note how he taught long before 1914 that wars in this age simply do not pay—that such are the intricacies of modern trade and finance, that it is more profitable in the long run to lose than to win a war. Germany got rid of her Hohenzollerns, her army, her navy, her colonies, her debts, her imperialism, her militarism. Of course, the price was terrific—it almost killed her, but now that she has survived, her position is all to the good. France, *per contra*, has paid almost as heavy a price, and her Poincarés, her army, her navy, her colonies, her debts,

her imperialistic wars, are still with her. How glad she must be that she fought and won that war!

It is a matter of profound astonishment to us that the Sweet case in Detroit has gone practically unnoticed by the newspapers of this country. Never was there better copy, but it concerned justice for Negroes and so was left unused. Briefly, the facts are these! A certain Dr. Sweet, a highly educated physician of the colored race, purchased a house in a high-class residential section of Detroit for the abode of his wife and family. His advent in the neighborhood resulted in vast excitement among the whites, threats and denunciations, and finally mob assault. A great crowd gathered about Dr. Sweet's home and prepared for violence. Appeals to the police, and to the city authorities generally, brought no satisfactory response. At last the mob moved to the attack, and was met by rifle-shots which resulted in death and wounds. Instantly now the authorities acted, since it was whites and not blacks who were concerned. Dr. Sweet, his wife, and nine other occupants of the house were arrested, indicted for murder in the first degree, and tried two months ago under sensational circumstances. Clarence Darrow led the defense, and in the face of race prejudice, local antagonism, and official bigotry, won a great victory by bringing off a mis-trial. All the defendants are today free on bail, with the government uncertain as to how to proceed. The issue in this case is fundamentally the right of a free citizen of this republic to his home. Everywhere the tendency of the high and mighty Nordic is to make of the Negroes a ghetto people. He would segregate them in the slums of the cities, and doom them there to perpetual association with poverty, disease, crime and vice. The Negroes are of course rebelling, and in the Sweet case we see a "battle of Lexington" in their revolutionary war for freedom and equality. To the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People belongs the credit of standing by Dr. Sweet in his hour of need, and sustaining his case. To Clarence Darrow belongs the glory of fighting the case through against terrific odds and winning a momentous initial triumph.

Wanted—Pioneers

What do we Americans need as we face the New Year? Perhaps as much as anything else a fresh baptism of that pioneering spirit that gave our country whatever greatness it has. Some of us are not impressed by the material bigness of the United States. We care little that our automobiles several times outnumber those of all the rest of the world put together. We do not think it supremely important that Americans today are the best-fed and most comfortable people known to history. We do not believe that America's chief contribution to the world has been her mechanical inventions. On the contrary, we stubbornly maintain that the greatness of our country consists in what it has done for freedom. We still agree with Emerson, our one truly American seer:

> It seems so easy for America to inspire and express the most expansive and humane spirit; new-born, free, healthful, strong, the land of the laborer, of the democrat, of the philanthropist, of the believer, of the saint, she should speak for the human race. It is the country of the Future. From Washington, proverbially "the city of magnificent distances," through all its cities, States and Territories, it is a country of beginnings, of projects, of designs, and expectations.

There speaks the spirit of the pioneer, with all its crudeness, all its braggadocio, but yet with all its hope, all its unconquerable faith, all its unyielding courage. There speaks the spirit of the only significant America.

That spirit brought our ancestors to settle in a wilderness. That spirit hewed a way through the trackless forest, and brought millions of acres of fertile prairies under the plow. That spirit threw the railroads across a continent and tied the oceans together with bands of steel. That spirit opened the doors, and bade who would enter in to share the riches of a new world. That spirit by a mysterious alchemy blended into one people men of differing race and religion and education and tradition. The old-world hates and suspicions and fears disappeared. Men discovered with the Chinese sage that "we are all brothers on the four seas." Liberty blazed like a beacon from our hilltops, and the world over America was a land of promise, irresistibly drawing to itself the adventurous, the daring, the hopeful, the men who believe, in spite of all, that the future is not altogether fatally writ in the past. And because Americans so believed, America was great. So democrats and dreamers everywhere thanked God and took courage.

The frontier disappeared, and with it vanished the old-time pioneer. In thirty years, how much of the pioneer spirit, too, has vanished out of our collective life! Thirty years ago, the last great wave of radical pioneer politics was dashing itself to pieces on the rock of industrial and commercial wealth. At how infinite a remove do we stand from those days of "sockless Jerry" Simpson, of the early Bryan and the cross of gold. Since those days we have seen the safe and sane radicalism of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and here at the opening of 1926 we find ourselves completely content with the vapid inanities of Calvin Coolidge, a man small, narrow, cautious, indecisive, fearful of ideas, distrustful of experiments, forever hiding behind laws and institutions that serve him only as an excuse for doing nothing. Nothing could

indicate more strikingly the decay of the pioneer spirit in America than the immense popularity of a man in whom a fearful, calculating timidity has taken the place of bold adventure and generous faith. Calvin Coolidge is far more interesting as a phenomenon than as a man; to some of us he appears as a tombstone set up over the grave of pioneering American idealism.

But with the disappearance of the frontier, can we afford to bury the spirit of the pioneer? Not if America is still to mean opportunity and hope and the dream of the future. Our task is no longer to war on the wilderness and subdue it to our purposes. Instead, we face the infinitely more difficult problem of living together in a peopled world, of learning to dig coal for men who will freeze unless we can compose our quarrels, of discovering how to cooperate peacefully and effectively not only with the hundred million of our own people, but with the billion and a half beyond our borders whom we look on at best as strangers and at worst as enemies. Let the man who imagines that the day of pioneering is over look back on the long history of failure and disappointment in the field of social organization, a history of cruelty and injustice and stupidity, written in blood. Let him look back on that history and say whether the need for brave experimentation and fearless adventure is at an end, whether human affairs have reached such a pitch of perfection that we can afford to sit calmly in the midst of our own personal comfort, with craven spirit seeking means of keeping everything just as it is, lest perchance our ease be disturbed.

It is not the spirit of recklessness that we need, but the spirit of courage; not the spirit of contempt for what we have painfully gained, but the spirit of generous faith in what we shall make the future yield. Your pioneer does not court danger, but he knows how to meet it, and he does not value comfort above his own life and soul. He does not undervalue what he has, but he is filled with an indomitable faith in what lies beyond the western horizon, and in that faith he journeys ever, forever a little way in the wilderness that his journeying forever makes into the home of men. Courage and common-sense, with faith undimmed and hope undiscouraged, with ingenuity and readiness to experiment, forever bringing all the old experience to bear in finding new ways, if need be, to meet the new conditions, but forever pressing on and on—such are the qualities of the pioneer who has made the America that is. They are the qualities of the pioneer who will make the America that shall be. For despite the timorous fear that now sits unashamed in the seats of the mighty, that passes for wisdom in the university, for piety in the pulpit, and for intelligent conservatism in the bank and the counting-house, a generation shall yet arise that will listen to the voice of the Sage of Concord:

> I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart, and be the nobility of this land. In every age of the world, there has been a leading nation, one of more generous sentiment, whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these States? . . . Who should lead the leaders, but the Young American? The people, and the world, are now suffering from the want of religion and honor in its public mind. In America, out of doors all seems a market; in doors, an air-tight stove of conventionalism. I find no expression in our state papers or legislative debate, in our lyceums or churches, especially in our newspapers, of a high national feeling, no lofty counsels that rightfully stir the blood. I speak of those organs which can be presumed to speak in a popular sense. They recommend conventional virtues, whatever will earn and preserve property; always the capitalist; the college, the church, the hospital, the theater, the hotel, the road, the ship, of the capitalist,—whatever goes to secure, adorn, enlarge these, is good; what jeopardizes any of these is damnable. . . . But who announces to us in journal or in pulpit, or in the street, the secret of heroism,
> "Man alone
> Can perform the impossible"?

H. R. MUSSEY.

Jottings

So far as we can make out from the senatorial debates in the World Court, the United States does not propose to submit her disputes to the adjudication of the Court, to accept the Court's decisions in disputes between other nations, or to recognize the advisory opinions of the Court. These things being so, why go into the Court at all?

"France, Germany, Great Britain—each has a general of whom we are afraid. In Great Britain it is Sir Ian Hamilton; in Germany, General Deimling; in France, General Percin, whose little pamphlet, 'Le Desarmement Moral', is like a clarion call to peace and goodwill."—*Foreign Affairs* (London).

And America has a general of whom she is proud, too—namely, Tasker H. Bliss.

The New York *Evening Post* publishes a picture of a "group of Christians" in Syria. All are armed with modern muskets, and prepared to "join the fray against the Druse tribesmen", as the legend under the picture puts it. How wonderful is this Christianity as it goes around the world, spreading everywhere the gospel of war on earth and bad will toward men!

We never cease marveling over the things we read in newspaper advertisements. Here is a tribute to a certain book by Cardinal Gasquet, who is described as "the world's foremost scholar." Well, well—just to think of it! And we don't even know what he is a scholar of!

Speaking of the idea of Progress, in his recent book on "Tolerance", Mr. Hendrik Van Loon says (page 24) that "it is typical of all low forms of society that the people see no possible reason why they should improve what (to them) is the best of all possible worlds because they never knew any other." Judging by the attitude of most of our contemporaries, America must be one of the lowest of "all low forms of society", and Calvin Coolidge is fittingly its prophet.

So Thomas à Kempis is not the author of the immortal "Imitation of Christ", but a certain Chancellor of Notre Dame in the fourteenth century named Jean Gerson! This may be true, but the saintly Thomas has a start of five hundred years, and with such a handicap we doubt if his rival ever catches up.

J. H. H.

Prospect of Peace at the Dawn of the New Year 1926

I am not optimistic of world peace because of the success of the Locarno Conference, and the signing, with great jubilation, of the Treaty of London. I am rather pleasantly surprised to see that the Hon. George Lansbury, M. P., and the Hon. Colonel Wedgewood, M. P., members of the Executive Committee of the British Labor Party, not only voted against the Locarno Pact, but also denounced the Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald for making private agreements with the British Conservative Party Leaders to support the ratification of the Locarno Pacts.

The French are supporting the Locarno Pacts for fear of being politically isolated, and also they fear further economic pressure by Great Britain and the United States. German politicians are enthusiastic over the Locarno Treaties because Germany has been promised a seat in the Council of the League of Nations, and some African Colonies will probably be returned to her as Mandate. Germany also expects that after the Locarno Pacts are ratified, she will be able to borrow more money from the United States; and there will be some chance of a revision of the Dawes Plan in her favor through British support. Mussolini favors the Locarno Pacts and signs them on equal terms with Great Britain. This is to increase Italy's political prestige, and to warn France and Jugoslavia as to the possible future co-operation of Italy, Germany, and Great Britain. The Poles and the Czecho-Slavs had to follow French direction and signed the Treaties under (indirect) pressure. Great Britain underwrote the Locarno Pacts to isolate Russia and to draw Germany on her side, so that the latter might act as a buffer in case there should come a Franco-Russian understanding.

As the policy of isolation of Germany did not result in peace, but became one of the causes of the World War, so I am inclined to think that a seed of a new world war has been sown at Locarno because of the policy adopted there for the isolation of Russia. To be sure, Russia is not going to take it lying down; and the best indication of it is that M. Tchicherin went to Paris just after the British Foreign Office rudely insulted Rakowosky, the former Charge d'Affairs of the Soviet Government in London, and who is now the Soviet Ambassador in Paris.

I venture to say that so far as the German and British statesmen are concerned, the eventual Anglo-German understanding was the real motive behind the Locarno Pacts. Although the British began to leave Köln on December 1st, British soldiers are to be stationed at Weisbaden and other railroad junction cities, so that the French will not have the opportunity of a united command over the occupied territory. This is being done at the request of the German Foreign Office. Truth is that Franco-German distrust is so great that the presence of British soldiers, who will act as a check to the French, gives Germany a sense of security. There is the fear of French invasion of Germany among both German people and statesmen, although this is not generally recognized.

The relation of Hungary to her neighbors, especially Rumania, is not such as to promote peace. Russia and Rumania are enemies because of the Bessarabian question. The Greco-Bulgarian relations and also the Greco-Turkish relations are far from friendly.

Add to this the situation in Morocco; the discontent in Egypt; fighting in Syria, and the destruction of cities like Damascus and others; civil war among the Arabs; Anglo-Turkish tension on the Mosul question; the recent bombing for fifty-four hours by the British air forces of the villages at the frontier of Afghanistan; the civil war and anti-foreign agitation in China; and the English and American hostility towards Japan, there does not seem to be much hope for peace in a world, dominated by fear, rivalry, suspicion and exploitation of the weak by the strong.

TARAKNATH DAS.

HIS COMPLIMENT

When the humble, northern peasant
removed her sandy, trodden shoes
at His door,
the strings all knotted,
and entered bearing incense
unto His most Holy Shrine,
the Heavenly Father was pleased.
In a tender playful mood he whispered,
"For all the world to see
I'll take a pattern from thy shoon."
With delicate grace Divine
He painted Him a flower bell
like unto the yellow sand,
and lapped a petal
unto the shape of fairy shoe.
The browner bracts above
He twisted into wreathing strings
and tied a bow.
Slowly He poured an oil
of sweet, exotic odor
into the Lady's Slipper.

ELEANOR HARDING.

A Visit to Bulgaria

The Kingdom of Bulgaria seems to have periodic visitations of deep and sad misfortunes which bring the Balkan question before the eyes of the civilized world. In the 7th century the peoples called Bulgars came from the Volga district to the Balkan peninsula and made subject the Slav folk already there. They attacked Constantinople and became an independent Empire. From 893-1018 the Bulgarian Empire passed through its Golden Age, giving to the world, culture, art, literature and religion. Then the Byzantine power conquered, but in 1186 Bulgaria again established her independence. From 1398 until 1878 the Turks ruled and during the last fifty years Bulgaria has been the centre of several Balkan wars. During these centuries of war and peace, the nation attained to its greatest heights of glory and prosperity, but time and again it suffered catastrophies and those internal political disturbances which have overthrown governments and unsettled the life of this hardworking peasant race. The nation has always arisen from its loss and suffering with a new determination and will, and today Bulgaria forms a compact ethnical group in the Balkan peninsula, and holds a unique position which can make for the peace and security of Eastern Europe. Under the Turkish rule the nationalist idea began to grow, and in 1762 Father Paissi began the movement for Bulgarian independence which led to the founding of Bulgarian schools and the educating of the Bulgarian peoples in national hopes and ideals.

During the last twenty-five years Bulgaria has fought in three wars, and today the people feel they are somehow isolated from the neighboring European States because Bulgaria has been conquered, is made to pay reparations, has lost some of her former territory, and receives into her overburdened country thousands of refugees, while around her are the so-called victorious States which are in close economic relations as allies with England, the United States, France and Italy. This state of affairs makes the Bulgarians rather sensitive to foreign criticism and distrustful of their Serb, Rumanian and Greek neighbors who can retain large conscripted armies, and who have gained parts of former Bulgaria as Macedonia, Thrace and the Dobroudja.

Since the ending of the Great War the country has been impoverished by the influx of innumerable refugees, the presence of whom adds to the financial burden of the State, and in the political disturbances of the past two years the country has passed through many crises, so that it is impossible to foresee what may happen in the immediate future.

There is much poverty and suffering, especially in the capital city of Sofia and a few other large cities and towns, amongst the civilian population, some of them refugees, others victims of the political disturbances or sufferers from the tragedy of the Great War.

After the fall of the Stambolisky Government in June, 1923, and the tragic death of Stambolisky himself many sad events and political struggles of a serious nature have occurred, and after the September rising of the same year many people lost their lives. But it was in April, 1925, that an attempt was made upon the life of King Boris, and the same day a distinguished General was assassinated. At the funeral service of the General in the Cathedral of St. Nedelia when Cabinet Ministers, State Officials, Military leaders, and heads of the Churches were present, a bomb exploded in the sacred edifice and 150 people were killed. This naturally led to the arousing of deep public and national feeling, and the blame for this act was laid at the doors of the Communist Party. Martial Law was immediately proclaimed and lasted until October 25th, but in the weeks following the tragedy many people suffered death, imprisonment, or exile. A Government Official gave us the figures of the political imprisoned at the time of our visit and said we might use them for publication. The numbers were 3,026 which included those already sentenced and those awaiting sentence. We also went to the Red Cross Society and heard from the Secretary about the aid that was being given to needy dependents of those who had suffered death or imprisonment, or "disappeared," or who had been killed by the actual explosion in the Cathedral. He gave us also some information about the Bulgarian Widows and Orphans Relief Fund which was started by English people for the helpless dependents of those who had been lost in the political struggles of the last two years.

The Cathedral stands today in a central square a mass of ruins and silently bears witness to those material ideas so common in these times that force is the only weapon with which to defend human rights whether on the Conservative or the Progressive side.

The peasant people are craving for peace and rest and desire only to cultivate their land, the unsettled refugees are longing to be placed on some small plot of ground, while the industrial workers are seeking to strengthen their social and political organizations, for the Bulgarian craftsman was ever famous for his skill, vigor and sobriety.

While refugees have been coming into Bulgaria since the troubles with Turkey in 1903 and 1908 and again after the loss of the Dobroudja in 1913, yet the real problem today is the influx of refugee families since 1923. Previously the country has been able to settle the new-comers, but owing to the impoverishment of the State and the difficulty of apportioning land far away from any villages and towns, as well as the extreme poverty of so many of the refugees, the Bulgarian Government finds itself compelled to appeal for a foreign loan. Vast tracts of land remain uncultivated, undrained, or unreclaimed in marshy districts, because of the lack of any transport system in these areas.

The Society of Friends in London invited me to accompany two American Quakers, to visit Bulgaria and to investigate the conditions of the workers and the refugees. We travelled from Vienna on October 23rd via Belgrade to Sofia. In Belgrade we spent some hours and were able to notice the great improvements going on in the shape of new buildings, houses, roads, and tramways. There was a spirit of enterprise and business activity, and in the shop-windows those signs of being on the side of the Entente in the form of English and American goods and materials.

Sofia is growing into a large city and before the war had 80,000 inhabitants but the population owing in the main to the refugees is today about 200,000. There is also much building and street and tramway repairing going on. It is a city with an Eastern character, churches and mosques and synagogues; peoples of many races, Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, Russians, Armenians, Macedonians, Thracians and Gypsies; dresses of

various national characteristics and Turkish baths and cafés. There are everywhere signs of the former Turkish domination. Although we remained there during the first week of November the sun shone every day in a cloudless sky like a perfect day in June. The nights also were warm and the sky clear and blue.

When we arrived everyone was concerned about the recent "Incident" at the Greek-Bulgarian frontier. The Metropolitan Stéfan of the Bulgarian Church to whom I had a letter of introduction received us warmly, as everywhere the work of the Quakers is held in the highest regard because of aid so readily given in Bulgaria after the previous Balkan Wars. He begged us to visit some of the devastated villages around Petrich and to see the conditions of the families which had fled as refugees before the Greek invaders into distant villages or woods, mountains or valleys. Fortunately fighting had now ceased owing to the intervention of the League of Nations.

A Government car was placed at our disposal and we drove for a whole day right over the Balkan Range. At times the road seemed dangerous with its sudden and narrow curves along the mountain side and with deep gorges and swift flowing rivers below, but luckily we had a clever chauffeur who was acquainted with the passes. The landscape was magnificent and appeared like a newly-made world, just mountains, forests, rivers, gorges, with no sign of human habitation, and my mind turned occasionally to the story of Creation in the Book of Genesis. At last we came down from the higher ranges and began to see signs of War. If such events are called "Incidents" then we must work and pray that such Incidents may be outlawed and called in plain truth "War." On the little railway line we passed two trainloads of soldiers returning to headquarters with their horses, machine guns and munitions, and again trainloads of refugees returning home with their furniture and belongings, such as they had been able to save from village areas near a railway station. We intended to visit some villages which were near the Greek frontier. We were able with our special permits to enter the military area and were received at the Headquarters in the town of Sweti Vratsch. From Sweti Vratsch we motored to the village of Koula and could see not far away the Greek frontier and military post. The whole district around the frontier is wild and often mountainous, and for miles with few signs of habitation.

At Koula, one out of the ten villages which had been looted, we found that hundreds of refugees had returned home the very same day and discovered their homes sacked, their possessions stolen or damaged. The Greeks, it was reported from many reliable sources, had allowed their native frontier population to follow the army and loot the villages. The men in Koula stood in a large group discussing the situation, relating their losses and experiences, but the women sat each by her own door with her children, and everywhere around them were destruction, ruin, and disorder. Their money was stolen, their boxes of clothing and linen broken open and robbed, their furniture, bedding, foods, household utensils, winter stores gone, their seed-corn and their crops of tobacco, cotton, etc., which were to be sold, had disappeared. We entered the village school and saw the furniture and books were a mass of ruin. Some of the cattle, sheep and goats had been taken along with the refugees but what were left behind had gone. Empty bee-hives lay in the roads, the bees drowned in the water-troughs, the honey stolen. Trails of corn, bits of raw cotton lay everywhere showing the work of the plunderers, floors were torn up in order to find money, and what things could not be taken away lay in a heap before the doors, and some flour, grain and foods were made into such a filthy mess that it was impossible to use anything. The priest's house had been thoroughly sacked and searched for money, the chimney was torn down and the money found there stolen. The Red Cross had sent two or three large sacks of flour which we saw, but in the whole village no suitable utensil was left in which it could be mixed ready for baking into bread.

While the standard of life was low in this and the other villages we visited later, yet these families had sown and reaped and labored to produce their crops in order to satisfy human needs, and owing to this "Incident" had lost their all and the whole place was like the "City of Darkness and Despair."

We next visited the village of Topolnitsa, a small frontier settlement near the Bulgarian military post, which had been burnt down and everything had been stolen by the invaders, two civilians had been shot and the looting was thoroughly carried out, furniture, foods, crops, money stolen. Luckily the villagers had saved some of their cattle. Here we saw a strange sight. In one house we saw an old woman nursing two small children and she said their father had been shot, the home robbed, and the widow stood outside in the yard refusing to speak or to do anything. We saw this mother looking like a statue of despair. She stood away from her neighbors on the dunghill and refused to look at anyone or to speak to anyone. She was dumb, and in her person represented the "War Victim," as war claims ever the innocent women and children.

Another village was Chouchouleegovo where two houses were burnt to the ground, cotton, clothing, household goods lay strewn about and damaged, and the majority of the cattle gone. It is interesting that the goats and sheep were often saved since it was possible to collect them together quickly and to drive them speedily into the mountain or woods. As in Koula the villagers fled on October 22nd when the Greeks entered, and returned on the 30th. The Greeks left the villages on the 28th, after the intervention of the League of Nations.

Our journey took us now to the small town of Mariakostenovo which had been looted by the Greek soldiers only, as the town was some distance from the frontier and the Greek civil population did not venture far on enemy territory. Here the new machinery in the community mill was put out of order and valuable parts taken away, the safe in the Town Hall was smashed open with an axe, money and papers were stolen, the portrait of King Boris was damaged and much cotton, tobacco, clothing and household goods were strewn about.

Our route now lay across high hills and mere cart tracks, twice we crossed riverbeds but there having been little rain the stream was very narrow and shallow, and now and again we had to leave the car to find the road. We arrived at the village of Janova which had not been evacuated, but there were still some refugees remaining from the looted frontier villages including mothers and children who lived in the schoolroom, a woman who had had oil poured over her and threatened with burning unless she told where her money was

hidden, and also a young girl who had been assaulted by a Greek officer.

We passed on to Petrova, another village distant from the frontier, where the villagers had remained in peace but where some of the refugees had fled whose homes had been burnt. Here was a wounded man whose arm had been shot as he and his family escaped, his daughter had died on the way but his wife and three children were saved. There was also a man whom the Greeks had made a prisoner of war for some days. We had dinner in the Bulgarian fashion in the house of a prosperous peasant. Before we sat down to dinner a quaint ceremony took place. The daughter of the house poured water from a beautiful old and artistic copper jug over our hands, but we were amused to note that the soap we used was marked "Sunlight Soap." In the little village hall where we met the priest and a few leading villagers, we were interested to see two large illustrated posters advocating total abstinence for the Bulgarians are said to be one of the most temperate nations in Europe and indeed we had seen no drunkenness anywhere. The villagers here were making a collection of seed grain for the sowing on behalf of their brethren in the looted villages.

From Petrova we had to ride on mules over various passes to the village of Lehovo. It was a long journey but the sun shone as on a perfect summer day, wild cyclamen grew on the slopes and ranges of mountains could be seen one behind the other. As the passes might be dangerous we had with us for guard an armed soldier, an armed policeman and some villagers. The dogs in this part of the country are very savage and come out from the villages like a small pack of wolves.

Lehovo is situated right at the actual frontier and some of the houses are now in Greek territory, and we saw the Greek guard on duty. One house lies on the actual frontier but as the door is in Bulgaria the inhabitants are Bulgarians. Here we saw dreadful disorder, four burnt houses, shell holes, exploded bombs and shrapnel, trenches, places where men had been killed, one unburied civilian and also graves of the interred, the damaged Bulgarian military post, looted houses and signs of the stolen cotton, tobacco, corn, foods, furniture, bedding, money, clothing, etc. Everywhere inside and outside the houses was a pitiful mess, the windows were all broken, the crops gone, and the villagers were in despair. Some few women had had oil poured over them and threatened with burning unless they told where their money was hidden, their clothes reeking of petroleum. In this village some civilians had been killed, others taken prisoner, and while we were there one civilian prisoner of war came back from the frontier, from Salonica. On the actual frontier line was the village water supply. A pipe poured forth water, part falling into one large stone trough which was for the Greeks, the other part into the adjoining trough which was Bulgarian. At this place the barbed wire was broken and a much frequented path could be seen. Doubtless in peaceful times the villagers would chat as everywhere around the village pump and forget those distinctions of politics or nationality. One villager remarked as he looked at the beautiful mountain ranges on all sides and now radiant in the sunlight, "It's a lovely land if only we could be left alone," while another asked the Greek guard how he was getting along up there, and the reply came with a smile, "All right."

About half a mile away in New Lehova, for the villagers won't build any more new houses at the actual frontier but are moving on to this new settlement. Quite a number of houses here had been shelled, and shell holes abounded. We rode back on the mules to Yanova by another pass and here the car awaited us and we drove in bright moonlight back to Sweti Vratsch.

It is pleasing to state that the Society of Friends in London replied by telegram to our telegraphic message that £100 could be spent on purchasing seed corn for these villagers, and the Save the Children Fund, London, as an emergency grant would begin to feed 500 needy children in these devastated areas. These Deeds of Brotherhood and Goodwill created a very good impression in Sofia and it was a pleasure for us to bear the news to our British and American Legations for it is a proof of American and British sympathy with all in distress, regardless of politics, creed, or nationality.

In the above article there has only been related what has actually been seen on the spot because it is known that some reports have been exaggerated. If this small war is merely called a frontier incident then we must be heartily grateful to the League of Nations that it intervened and prevented this incident from possibly spreading into a greater conflict because there is much bitter hatred at the present time in Eastern Europe between neighboring states.

It was a great joy to be in a country at the very time when the League of Nations had acted quickly and firmly on its behalf and shown its real power of serving as a mediator and stopping unnecessary bloodshed. The League has won for itself golden laurels in the whole world and in Bulgaria it was proclaimed as a Saviour and a power for peace. We must await the decision of the Rumbold Commission as to the cause of the incident, as to which nation was the aggressor, and what indemnities must be paid. But for us the chief factor is, that we have a proof that the war was stopped by the peaceful machinery which was set in motion at Geneva, and also that war is not only destructive but futile. This machinery must be set in motion should a first class power be the aggressor, and may it soon act in the interests of Morocco and Syria.*

FREDERICK HANKINSON.

Budapest, Hungary.

*The next article will deal with the visit to the Macedonian refugees around Philipopolis and the district of Bourgas on the Black Sea, and if it would be of interest to the readers, a further short article on a visit paid to the Unitarian Minister and his family at his church in Doubnitsa and to a few Unitarian leaders in Sofia.

THE POWER OF LOVE

"The devil did beguile me,"
Oft 'tis said.
How blest are we
That cast upon his head
The evil curse of all our human sins!

"Let me beguile the devil,"
Soft I spoke,
"If God and good have any part in me,
Then shall I overcome him.
Watch and see!"

One little shaft of love
I shot at him,—
And down he fell
Dead at my feet,
A filmy, empty shell!

For UNITY DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

The Minotaur of Today

How slow people are to learn! We consider ourselves far more civilized than the ancient Greeks and Romans, but on how much higher a plan do we really stand?

Civilization cannot be reckoned by material possessions. No amount of gold and jewels and houses and lands can make a people civilized. The wealth of the Orient has not placed its people high in the scale of civilization nor have the vast possessions of the Occident produced such a degree of it that everyone can regard it with pride and heartfelt rejoicing. Our material comforts have reached a height hitherto unprecedented. Our modern luxuries and conveniences indicate increased scientific knowledge, mechanical ingenuity and material prosperity. But these things are the least part of a true civilization.

It is in things of the spirit that genuine civilization is manifested. A merciless or depraved Emperor may revel in luxury while poverty surrounds a Socrates or a Christ! In the attitude of people toward people, nation toward nation, race toward race, how much higher a degree of civilization is in evidence today than in the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans? Wherein does our spiritual advancement show itself? How much more civilization can we rightfully claim?

We feel that we are much superior to people who lived before Christ. Yet the literature, the statuary and the architecture of Greece centuries before the Christian era give evidence of unexcelled mental ability and demand our admiring appreciation. And while we pay the homage to which those superb creations are entitled we contemplate with amusement the religious beliefs which inspired them. We smile at the childishness of their ancient religious myths. We smile as we read the legends of nymphs and naiads—fauns and satyrs—of Pandora's box—Circe's enchantments—the tasks of Hercules; and while we are amused at the nature of most of the stories we wince or even shudder at the cruelty evinced in some of them: the Minotaur, Andromeda chained to a rock, the Dragon's teeth, the Gorgon's head.

But we don't realize that we, who claim high civilization and who laugh at those old fairy tales, are actually embodying in our very customs some of the ideas which they express. What can we say when confronted by the fact that the influence of certain ideas traceable to them is still dominant in our society today? Yes, I mean literally the silly, crude, abominable fancies embodied in those tales. I mean that even now great numbers of people are dominated by the ideas that appealed to the minds of those primitive times.

For an illustration take the story of the Minotaur. A monster, resembling both bull and human being is confined in a labyrinth on the Island of Crete by his owner, the King, who values him highly. This monster is particularly fond of young people as a diet, so the King of Crete, Minos, exacts a tribute at stated periods from a vanquished enemy in the shape of seven youths and seven maidens who shall be fair and well-born. At the specified times these are selected, put on board a vessel and sent to their doom to glut the maw of the ravenous creature and are thrust into the labyrinth, one by one, to be devoured by him. This tribute is repeated till Theseus, having insisted on being one of the group, conquers the hideous monstrosity and escapes with his companions. They all sail back together to their home and are greeted with tremendous rejoicing; and celebrations are the order of the day both for the safety of the intended victims and because the death of the creature puts an end to the penalty.

Now where, you will ask, is there any possible similarity between that age-old fairy story and any custom of our highly civilized life of today with its Christian—not pagan and barbarian—influences? And you feel amazed and indignant, even disgusted, at the suggestion. But let us look into the matter.

Item one: The tribute in the story was exacted because a war had been fought. And war is as honorable today in our Christian (?) society as in the days of ignorance and paganism. War is a legal institution still in great favor, having for its loudly advertised objects at present the safeguarding of life and property. (Will some one please mention how much life and property was saved from destruction during the last war?)

Item two: A tribute was exacted by victor from vanquished. They did the same in those old heathen times that we do in these days of progress and enlightenment. What? The tribute demanded these days is money or landed possessions, but nowadays nations are willing to sacrifice millions of fine young lives to protect the moneyed interests of financial magnates whose capacity for sacrificial offering seems fully as insatiable as that of the mythical rapacious horror of Crete.

Item three: The selected victims in the story were chosen at prescribed intervals as tribute to the victors of the conflict that had been lost by their elders. (In that age they demanded tribute, not reparations). In our day by means of the draft we select our finest (physically) young men and trot them off to be killed or crippled by the war-monster! One selection is made after, the other before, the conflict. Is there any other difference and is this a conspicuous one? To be sure not every one of the drafted men sent to the front nowadays is destined to become the prey of the guns, bombs and other pleasantries of our war system. But a goodly proportion enter the labyrinthine mazes of the battlefield who never find a way out—who are swallowed alive as it were. And once dead it matters little to the victim what disposal is made of his husk. Whether swallowed by a Minotaur or left rotting in a trench is immaterial. He is a martyr whether he nourish the vitals of a monster or lies, unknown, crumbling to dust, surmounted by an artistic memorial or shaft, with wreaths laid thereon, proffered by sentiment too superficial, too complacent and too limited to urge the donors to the action that would forevermore prevent such sacrilege of humanity!

Item four: When the storied victims were chosen the community observed a time of mourning. We take our period of mourning after the casualties of a battle or airplane raid—not before. Perhaps the Greeks carried on their mourning ceremonials because the young people belonged to the upper class. Would it have caused a ripple if the lower classes, or slaves, had been drawn upon, however fair and charming the youths might have been? It has frequently been a matter of comment that nowadays great honor is paid—eulogies pronounced—pomp and ceremony observed—and a general to-do made when an officer or a member of a family of wealth and station is killed in battle. But the populace—what does it matter how many are massacred? It looks as though the more are slaughtered the

more relentless becomes the demand to prepare for another wholesale butchery! The common people can be relied on to keep up the supply, to furnish the unknown soldiers to be mourned with sensational observances at special occasions!

Of one thing we can be positive, namely, that in both the dim past and the hurtling present the youthful victims of the conflict were innocent. Whatever the proclaimed cause of that legendary conflict, or whoever was to blame, the children who later suffered the penalty were in no way responsible. And the same declaration holds as true today of the victims of modern warfare. The youthful generation whose blood is spilled and whose bodies are blown to shreds pays the penalty of the misdeeds of others; misdeeds of intrigue, secret diplomacy, imperialism, foreign investment, et cetera. When shall we be far enough along on the road toward civilization to be able to see the war-custom for the horror it really is?

We plume ourselves on being greatly superior to any people of any B. C. period. It must be admitted that we have done away with piracy, duelling and slavery—all of which belong in the field of human relations. But these have been abolished only in limited degree for the greatest atrocity of all—war—remains a legal procedure and embodies all the outrages named, besides countless others.

Once a thing is implicitly believed its eradication becomes the most difficult of tasks. The belief in the necessity for war has persisted largely because rulers and their henchmen for their own selfish interests have proclaimed it as necessity and demanded it as solemn duty from the populace. From generation to generation these beliefs have been passed along and swallowed devoutly, while all down through the ages wars have been waged, as Mark Twain puts it in his inimitable fashion—"Sometimes in the private interest of royal families, sometimes to crush a weak nation; but never a war started by the aggressor for any clean purpose—there is no such war in the history of the race!"

And the populace have been too submissive to rebel and too ignorant to think. Even today when the toilers on whose steady work the prosperity of the world depends are beginning to think and demand certain rights and privileges, they do not unflinchingly take a combined stand against war, though such a stand would easily settle the question. For the soldiers are drawn from the ranks of the people and, as Frederick the Great has said, "If my soldiers would think for themselves not one of them would remain in the ranks." What alternative would be left for the government of any country should its people simply refuse to fight?

It is quite the fashion nowadays for the professional militarist to proclaim loudly his aversion to war and his hope for a speedy reign of world peace! And what is his method of bringing it about? He clamors for more armaments and still more. He incites chemists to manufacture new poison gases and inventors to plan gas masks even for the horses and dogs that are to be exposed in future conflicts! In spite of his proclamations he takes future conflicts for granted! Sane and sensible means, truly, for insuring continued peace!

Meanwhile, if only the people—innocent, yet forced to pay the penalty—if only the people would unite and stand unyielding, crying, "Never again!"

How slow people are to learn!

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Negro Legend

This study,* unlike most theses, is interesting reading. We are treated to a mass of details and the pages are thick with footnotes, but through all is a pleasant lightness of touch. Mr. Gaines shows us first the enormous vogue of the Southern plantation in literature and the drama, its chief characters, the chivalrous master, the lovely mistress and more lovely maid, a humorous "darkey." And while the darker side of plantation life was made prominent for a time by the abolitionists, the author proves conclusively that the Southern picture, the picture of Page and Edwards and Harris, the picture of the Birth of a Nation, is the one that remains firmly rooted in the American imagination. It is this picture that has come to be a part of American writing and is still a drawing card on the stage. So fixed is it that a light colored man must blacken his face, if he is to be accepted as funny before the footlight. Its Kentucky colonels, its lovely maidens in hoopskirts, its faithful mammies, moreover, are not only tradition, they are propaganda, and because they are propaganda, Mr. Gaines' comparison of the legend and the reality is important.

The legend starts with a setting of splendor for the whole South. Every gentleman's home was a place of cultured magnificence. In reality, our author tells us, there were few such plantations. They were about as common as Kenilworth castles in Tudor England. As for the characters within these great estates, the author examines them one by one. Of the master, the cavalier of romance, he finds that "the tradition is one of great inaccuracy. It is a dramatization of the lurid, the volatile, the sensational in plantation life." The best plantation owners, men like R. F. W. Allston, Thomas Dabney, Robert E. Lee, make the figure in fiction seem tawdry, while the majority certainly differed from the legend. The vices of gambling, drunkenness, violence, portrayed as foibles in romance, were actually "social iniquities of distressing magnitude." The charm of the Southern woman of legend was not overrated but her position was not so charming as it seemed. In all the romance there is a conspicuous absence of the psychology of lovely girls who married young sports and found that matrimony locked a door and threw away the key, locked a door so thick that not even the cry of pain could ever penetrate to the outer world.

Some of the things Mr. Gaines says of the Negro of legend are delightful. The black mammy is "the faithful female retainer" of all races, a stock figure, and could be drawn acceptably by a writer who had gone no further South than Bangor. The "darkey" who made Negro minstrelsy one of the first American institutions, is a folk figure, a simple rustic, artless, musical, superstitious. His original on the plantation is both better and worse than his picture. The stage tradition gave the Negro "spectacular traits which though not altogether rare are not invariable and are not in themselves the complete psychology of the true Negro.

It is in his treatment of the Negro, however, that Mr.

* "The Southern Plantation." By Francis Pendleton Gaines. Published by The Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York City.

Gaines for the first time becomes an apologist for the South, declaring of the slave that "suffering was not unknown it is true, but the fact remains that the burden of proof is on those who assert the misery of exceptional cases as the rule." The burden is a light one. One has only to state that Negro slavery was chattel slavery and that every year hundreds of thousands of slaves were sold from Virginia, and the border States into the South. This domestic trade our author only alludes to in a footnote when he remarks that "the coffle, the slave dealer, the auction block, these remain unpleasant features."

This slight volume, 243 pages, is full of important material. It gives hundreds of names of novelists, playwrights, musicians. Sometimes its allusions are far fetched as when the Emperor Jones is noted among the plays in the plantation tradition, and it damns Will Marion Cook with faint praise, but it is a store-house of important matter. The more pity that it remains unfinished. For reference purposes, it is almost useless, since it has no index.

Hell's Playground*

"The famous novel," the cover reads, "upon which is based the famous play, 'White Cargo.'" Doubtless many of my readers have seen this immensely popular drama, now in its third year in New York. Play and book are alike though differing in the working out of the plot. In both pictures we have white traders, one a man of fine character deteriorating in the tropics, and in both we have the seductive African woman. In the play the hero to the end is moral and sinned against, the African woman becoming a murderer. The book makes a more human hero, at least at the last, and gives a revolting scene in which he has his mistress nearly flogged to death when he finds that she has been unfaithful. Both book and play flavor strongly of melodrama, but they are exciting and to some extent convincing. One must in reading them forget Conrad's tale, in his volume "Youth," of the white man's deterioration in the tropics. This masterpiece makes other attempts on the same theme clumsy and artificial. But Miss Simonton knows her Africa at first hand and her story, printed originally in 1912, warrants this reprint.

One wonders after finishing it whether the time is not near when such pictures as she draws will be false. Will the French, for this is a French colony, continue to treat the natives with such cupidity that they defeat their own ends of trade? "When we've destroyed the rubber vines in a district, and scoured it clean for ivory, and robbed the natives of everything else they possess, we desert the land and cast the natives aside like squeezed lemons." So an Englishman says to another Englishman, but still harder words are given to the French. The "concessionaire" forbids open trade and casts free natives into prison for gathering the products of their own lands.

> It's natural for a nation to fight for commercial supremacy, but where that fight narrows into a crushing, paralyzing trade monopoly, it becomes robber economy, fatal in the end to the robber.

Cape Lopez, where "Hell's Playground" is laid, is as horrible as Ubangi-Shari, the scene of Batuala. It would seem that the ignorant, unimaginative peasant-mind, manifesting itself in extreme penuriousness, rules French Africa. White traders "revel in tyranny, licentiousness and brutality; they are a law unto themselves; a law of menace and destruction; they out-savage the very savage.

The picture Miss Simonton draws of the native woman is the most terrible part of her book. Girls are a commercial asset, the chief wants daughters, for the purpose of selling them to the highest bidder. Women are used and then cast aside as one might cast off an old dress.

To the author the missionary is a mistake, and the English do best when they recognize native custom and superstition. "The so-called civilized, Christianized savage is as subtle as a Brahmin and as much to be feared." And yet we all know that the African will not be left to his tribal customs. The Rockefeller Institute, before long will be a substitute for the witch doctor, and Western law will supersede native convention. If the Negroes were fewer they might be eliminated in the process, but it is likely that they will increase in numbers. The real battles will come when they turn and attempt using the weapons of the white, to rule their land again. "Hell's Playground," with its stupid traders who drink themselves to death and its enslaved blacks cannot last much longer.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

* *Hell's Playground*. Ida Vera Simonton. Published by The Brentano Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Two Indian Books

Mahatma Gandhi's writings need no introduction or recommendation. During the last three years he has written thousands of pages on political, social and religious questions. In the handy volume† Ganesh & Co. has presented the choicest quotations of his writings which breathe the spirit of the teachings of great men of all ages and all lands.

> The path of the truth is the path of the brave,
> It is beyond the power of the cowards.

This is the story‡ of a modern saint of India, written by his disciple. Swami Rama was not an ordinary recluse, but a great teacher who taught science and philosophy in one of the educational institutions of India before he became a monk. He was a vedantist and traveled all over the world, particularly in Japan and America, where he preached the teachings of Hindu philosophy. He was a patriot and worked for the emancipation of the people of India from the evils of caste system. He was a social reformer who felt the great need of education of the people of India. To him "neglecting the education of women, children and the laboring classes is like cutting down the very branches that are supporting us, nay, it is like striking a death-blow at the very foot of the tree of nationality." This book gives an account of his life and activities in various fields and countries and contains the teachings of this great man and some of his letters. This book has a distinct place in the history of religious and national awakening of India, as Swami Ram has left a tremendous influence among the younger generation of India. TARAKNATH DAS.

† Great Thoughts of Mahatma Gandhi. Compiled by Ganesh & Co., Madras, India, 1925; pp. 119.

‡ The Story of Swami Rama Tirtha by Puran Singh. Madras, India, Ganesh & Co., 1925; pp. 291.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LETTER AND AN ADDENDUM

Editor of UNITY:

Inclosed is my check for $3.00 for my renewal subscription to UNITY. This liberal religious magazine has been a most welcome visitor in my home for the past year, and I want the visits to continue.

The Armistice Day number has just been devoured. Every article has been soul food. Sidney Strong is better than ever. His "Voices" are not altogether absent here in the center of these United States. I wonder if Brent Dow Allinson's suggestion of a Commission at the League is not more vital even than American organic participation in the World Court, though the five year "outlawry" condition be included. And that lecture of Rabindranath Tagore. Bless him! There is a Citizen of the World I would like to meet. And then Franklin Hunter's "Unknown Soldier," and Lucia Trent's poem, and the editorials and the "jottings,"—every word is good.

Thinking possibly you might be interested I am enclosing copy of a little paper prepared and read by Dr. Harrison H. Johnson, the physician of this small town, at a recent meeting of our Sunday morning Community Men's Class, that meets in the City Hall. This is probably our most notable experiment at present in working toward a liberal Community Church. It may not change our wasteful and inadequate church system here, but the experiment is proving of some value, and there are a dozen men quite interested.

Following upon the heels of the organization of this Men's Class the two pastors of the town, Congregational and Methodist, have now begun union Sunday evening meetings, together with a community Young People's Society. There is some promise here. One hundred people attended our Armistice service last Sunday evening. I undertook to set forth some of the absolute pacifist ideals, referring to the Charteris incident as pointing further the folly of the War, holding out the need of world co-operation through some sort of true League of Nations, and suggesting the power of our own individual ideals and the value of squaring them with the ideals of "Jesus, the Peacemaker," the absolute pacifist. There has been some favorable response.

If you should be unable to make any use of Dr. Johnson's article in whole or in part, I would appreciate the return of the copy. Stamped envelope is enclosed.

With all best wishes for UNITY and its ideals, I am

HAROLD H. HESTER.

[Addendum]

"HOW TO MAKE THIS THE LARGEST MEN'S CLASS IN THE COUNTY"

I don't know that it is possible to make this the largest men's class in the county. I don't know that it is necessary for the successful development of this venture. Personally, I am not so much concerned as to the size of the class of men, as I am for the character of their deliberations.

Ten or twelve men assembling for the free and impersonal exchange of ideas, can be of mutual benefit to all, and if the discussion can be kept free from the shackles of individual prejudice and dogmatism of any kind, then it seems to me that it cannot be otherwise than a successful venture and, just as successful with a dozen men as with a hundred men. If the hundred come, well and good; but ten or twelve men can do this thing just as well.

However, in my opinion, the character of our deliberations transcends by far any considerations of numbers of men. If our thinking and discussions are not kept free and open, without restraint from dogmatic influence, why then the purpose of this venture fails, in my opinion, and it makes no difference whether you have ten men or a thousand. If we must be hampered in our thinking and discussions by blind prejudice and superstition; if we must be shackled by dogmas and religious creeds; or identified with some church or sect, then we fail; if that hydra-headed monster, bigotry, shows its slimy head in our midst; if intolerance of other men's ideas and opinions prevails; if some of us cannot tolerate the honest opinion of another; why, then, the whole purpose of a forum for the open discussion of any subject—as I understand the forum idea, and the purpose of this class of men, as represented to me—fails, and fails ignominiously.

One of the gentlemen here last week grieved that the spiritual side of this Sunday meeting was not stressed more; that we had no Biblical text upon which to deliberate. Well, with all due deference to this gentleman, I am obliged respectfully to take issue with him.

Any discussion of the problems of the hour, indulged in by a group of men, for the general welfare of the community in which they reside, or for the state in which they live, or for the nation of which they are citizens, has enough of spirituality, has enough of religion; all that anyone here needs, and all that a good many of us care for. This, to my notion, is Christianity, as distinguished from Churchianity. Personally, I am very much interested in Christianity, and am very much disgusted with Churchianity.

To promote tolerance and charity, and to dispense the milk of human kindness along our way; to teach meekness, mercy, modesty, peace, justice, kindness, righteousness, brotherhood, forgiveness, God, love—to my mind is Christianity as distinguished from Churchianity, which stands and always has stood for intolerance, bigotry, selfishness, dissension, denominational controversy, personal privilege against individual freedom, the rack for those who dare to think, the pillory, the stake, the gibbet; which does and always has opposed intellectual and scientific progress. If we can promote the homely and simple virtues of real Christianity, even in a crude manner, in our deliberations here, we'll get enough of the spiritual side, even if we do not have a Biblical text to guide us, or perhaps I should have said, to confuse us.

Some one complained that we were not accomplishing anything, that we talked at random, our ideas were all confused. Well, I wonder what the gentleman expected us to accomplish in three meetings. It seems to me more has been accomplished in three meetings than I ever dreamed of. We are just starting, give us a little time to get our bearings. There will be many subjects to discuss later on, as, for instance: Immigration, the negro, the tariff, prohibition, cigarettes, Sunday baseball, the modern dance, a Community Church, public school system, civic pride, municipal waste, Christianity, Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, socialism, communism, Mussolini, The League of Nations, child labor, Russia, eugenics, Oedipus Complex, The Freudian Theory, sterilization of the unfit, sex, gambling, modernism, bigotry, Darwin, Huxley, Bergson, Calmin, Comenius, Luther, Ingersoll, Socrates, Voltaire, Plato, Burbank, aeronautics, did Jesus ever live, the Jew, home economics, finance, farming, cows and chickens on the farm, et cetera, ad absurdum, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. And, as for talking at random and stuttering and stammering, and murdering the King's English, why, considering who we are, that follows as a matter of course that we will flounder and talk at random a good deal. There is only one orator in the bunch, and that is enough; he is President, so he won't get much chance to talk, and I know that I am the most awkward talker in the bunch, with possibly the exception of one other.

So, my idea for the promotion of the growth and welfare of this group, is to continue as we have started, in a meek, modest sort of way, with sincerity of purpose, and absolutely fearless expression of just what we think, with tolerance toward each man's ideas, with charity for all, and freedom from any entangling alliance with sect or denomination. And if we do this, we will attract others to our shrine, and while we won't set the world afire, we will make a good, healthy, rational growth.

HARRISON H. JOHNSON.

AN INTERESTING REQUEST

Editor of UNITY:

I ran across this item recently in a certain paper:—

"One of the most satisfactory things in connection with this journal has been the number, variety, interest and importance of the letters of dissatisfaction which we have received. For believing as we do that hardly any spiritual or mental condition is more deplorable than indifference, every such letter has been a fresh and welcome proof of stimulating and creative concern with, and interest in, our work on the part of our readers. As Mr. Heywood Broun remarked in another connection the other day, it is only by the letters an editor or a writer receives that the effect of the written word can be measured."

Now people somehow have never formed the habit of writing the book publisher how they like or dislike his books and authors. Why the public should keep the magazine editor up to his work by expressions of approval or disapproval and give the Religious Book Editor the silence treatment is a mystery.

It is a situation that one of these Religious Book Editors would like to change.

I am venturing to ask, therefore, whether you will give this communication a place in your columns.

In that case, I would like to improve the opportunity to extend a hearty invitation to your subscribers to speak their

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

I.

Now
Is the turn of the year
At Christmas-time!
These are the darkest days
When the Summer's dead leaves,
Beaten by the rain,
Tossed by the wind,
Are rotted down
At last
Into *new soil*
For plants that are to be.
Now
Is the time when the *sun*
Turns north again,
Bringing the glad new *Spring!*
Oh, there are many days
Of Winter yet to be,
The coldest of the year,
The windiest of the year—
Days when the earth
Seems *frozen*
And the promise of *Spring*
Seems dead!
There will be long months
Of waiting;
But the turn of the year
Has come!
And *this*
Shall be known
As the sign:
That day by day
The *darkness* lessens
And day by day
The *light* grows more!

II.

Now
Is the turn of the age—
Earth's Christmas-time!
These are the darkest years
When the old forms of thought,
The old customs,
The old systems,
Are beaten at last to dust,
Soil for the world to be!
Now is the time when *hope*
Turns north again,
Bringing the glad new spring!
Oh, many will be years
Fierce with tempest;
Many will be
The bleak *midnights;*
And many the sunless mornings
When Winter seems ruler forever
And the promise of Spring
Seems *dead!*
There will be long years
Of waiting;
But the turn of the age
Has come!
And this shall be taken
As the sign:
That the light of *truth*
And mutual *knowledge*
Has flashed
From nation to nation;
And day by day
The darkness lessens;
And day by day
The *light* grows more!

A. L. S.

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THE WORLD COURT AND OUTLAWRY

A resolution adopted on December 14, 1925, by the Presbytery of Chicago.

WHEREAS in the spring of 1924 the Presbytery of Chicago, impelled by the teachings and spirit of Jesus Christ, endorsed the proposal that the United States take a speedy initiative for the Outlawry of War, which resolution proved to be the forerunner of a similar resolution passed a few weeks later by our national body, the General Assembly, meeting in Grand Rapids, Michigan;

AND WHEREAS the Presbytery of Chicago notes with deep satisfaction and gratitude the coming together this past summer of the outstanding leaders of the two great groups of peace advocates, heretofore in conflict, by the adoption of the Outlawry of War Harmony Peace Program, which provides for the immediate entrance of the United States into the World Court, but provides further that its adherence to the Court shall be permanent only if within five years after such adherence the nations signatory to the Court have agreed by general treaty to outlaw war as an institution for the settlement of international disputes;

AND WHEREAS the Presbytery of Chicago is profoundly stirred by the fact that the President and Senate of the United States now have a providential opportunity through the medium of the World Court, to lead in a movement to outlaw war for all time and thus redeem the promises and hopes developed and sustained during the Great War;

AND WHEREAS the Presbytery of Chicago is convinced that the other nations of the world would welcome such action on the part of the United States and glady respond thereto:

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the Presbytery of Chicago strongly urges that the United States forthwith become a member of the World Court providing that its permanent membership be conditional upon the signatory nations uniting in a general treaty to abolish and outlaw war as an institution for the settlement of international disputes.

AND BE IT RESOLVED that a copy of this resolution be sent to the President of the United States, Senator Borah, the members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and the Senators from Illinois.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

China.—The situation in China is still far from hopeful. The attitude of the Western Powers to the Tariff Conference is liberal, especially from the side of America. In England active forces toward reconciliation have been at work behind the scenes and Mr. Chamberlain's conciliatory speech to the British delegates made a very favorable impression in Chinese quarters. Nevertheless, Professor Hu, a leader of Young China, says: "The psychological moment—the precise time at which the greatest result can be achieved with the least possible effort—is past, and the people are no longer to be satisfied with permission to raise the tariff . . . they want freedom to do as they wish with it."

Meanwhile the position of the Central Government at Peking, with which the Powers are negotiating, is endangered by the threat of renewed civil war which would make satisfactory relations with the foreigner still more difficult. The Judicial Inquiry into the Shanghai incident on May 30 is being boycotted by the Chinese. They contend that the previous somewhat hasty inquiry has been put aside because its result was unfavorable to the Municipal Council which is composed of foreigners. The situation is so critical that nothing but an act of real conciliation will convince the Chinese of Western goodwill and counterbalance their feeling of accumulated bitterness and humiliation.

* * *

Czechoslovakia.—Prezmysl Pitter was condemned to two months' imprisonment in the early spring, and after both defendant and prosecution had appealed against this judgment, the proceedings have now been taken up again in Brünn, Moravia. The occasion of Pitter's stay in that city has been used for the holding of two open-air meetings. Pitter spoke in the market square on the crisis in modern thought, and afterwards both Pitter and Heinrich Tutsch spoke on Czecho-German reconciliation to an audience composed of both nationalities. Pitter further sent his military papers to President Masaryk with a long memorandum giving his reasons for refusing military service.

Franz Lederer, a lieutenant in the reserve, became convinced of the immorality of military service through reading Tolstoy, and, being of the opinion that individual refusal to serve is the most effectual prevention of further wars, he returned his papers to his regimental authorities with a detailed statement why he was unwilling to be a soldier. He was therefore charged on October 7 at Karolinenthal. He had no counsel but produced for his defense Tolstoy's diary. He was acquitted, but the prosecution has made an appeal against this decision.

* * *

Germany.—*Disarmament.* At its general meeting in Dortmund, Westphalia,

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minds in a letter to The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in regard to recent books that they have read bearing the imprint of its Religious Department.

Would you like to see another book written by some favorite religious author of yours? Have you a religious book in mind in outline that "ought to be written"? Do you know of a sound religious thinker who ought to be induced to "write a book"?

W. H. MURRAY,
Editor, Religious Books Dept., The Macmillan Company.

from September 28-30, the Deutsche Friedensgesellschaft (German Peace Society) pronounced itself for the outlawry of war as a crime against civilization and human rights. It passed a resolution, demanding "for social as well as for political reasons, the abolition of the Reichswehr and of the navy, and the support of cultural institutions by the financial means thus released. The demand is made in the confident expectation that pacifist organizations in other countries will in their turn insist on abolition of armaments since complete disarmament of all nations is the best safeguard for the peoples."

Poland.—A country which spends 40 per cent of its taxation in militarism is not able to lead a healthy industrial life. The introduction of Polish elements into the German industrial centers of Upper Silesia continues to create friction, and as many efficient Germans, after refusing to become Polish citizens, have been sent away, production is said to be rapidly on the decline.

The Ministry of Education in conjunction with the War Office has just drawn up a bill with reference to general physical training and military preparation of school boys. If the project be accepted, all secondary schools will introduce military training.

In August an event of some importance occurred in the free City of Danzig, where, by a coalition, the parties of the Left have achieved a majority in the Volkstag and have declared themselves Bodenbach, Bohemia. The Prague group willing to live on better terms with Poland. If Poland responds to this new attitude the Danzig problem may yet be solved by the methods of reconciliation.

Jugoslavia.—The recruits belonging to the class of 1905 were called up at the beginning of September and thirty young Nazarenes have refused to take the oath of military allegiance. They have all been imprisoned, and, since fortunately they could afford it, have engaged lawyers for their defense. A similar case is reported from Petrovac, where Otto Weib, a mechanic of German extraction, had endeavored to found an anti-military sect.

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THE ASSOCIATION TO ABOLISH WAR
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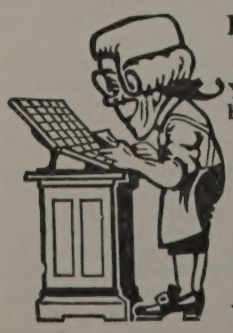

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